

THE ARMY'S POETS

THE A.B.C. OF THE A.E.F.

When I first signed up in the Army
Way back in Nineteen Three,
It wasn't filled with the alphabet
From A to X, Y, Z.

The Colonel was still the Colonel,
And Majors were Majors, too,
And when the Skipper signed Captain,
There was no added P.D.Q.

But when they sent us Overseas
To try our hand at the Hun,
They started to use odd letters
For everything under the Sun.

G.O.C.S. Twenty-three
Tells how to send our mail
To sisters, wives and sweethearts
When other methods fail.

Both the D. G. T. and the R.T.O.
See that there are no slips,
And hand it over to the D.A.T.S.,
Who puts it on his ships.

They sent us up to A.P.O.
Number one hundred and nine,
Where the damned M.P. of the A.P.M.
Put us to bed on time.

When our beans are hard and our coffee
Cold,
Which, of course, should not be so,
We boldly curse the P.Q.M.,
And gently our own C.O.

Not long ago the R.S.M.
Said to the Company Cook:
"What's the use of the I.D.R?
I think it's a hell of a book."

"It tells you this, it tells you that,
And to do this and so,
Then everything is modified
By the weekly W.D.G.O.

"Years before I joined the Infantry,
I spent many days in school,
Where I was taught my A.B.C.'s,
And that Napoleon was no fool.

"I know he won a battle,
He may have won a war,
But I don't see how he P.I.O.
Without our G.H.Q. G. 4."

The A.G. of the A.E.F.
And the A.G.S.O.S.
Spent many hours on a new S.O.
Telling how the A.P.C. should dress.

They must not wear the S.B.B.
And puttees made of leather,
Nor can they don the T.C.C.
In any kind of weather.

The other day I sure was sick,
I felt like an S.O.L.,
So I went across to the old A.S.
And asked him What the Hell.

He examined me up, he examined me
down,
He poked till I couldn't see,
Then in a fatherly way suggested
That I call on the G.R.B.

The C.O.O. and H.Q.C.
Started an officers' mess,
But it all fell through, for the C.O.U.
Wouldn't dine with the C.G.S.

Then the P.M.G. and the C.A.S.
Tried to make the matter gey,
But they save it up in a day or two,
For they quarreled with the D.M.T.

The A.D.S. then took a hand,
And said he'd make it go,
But he reckoned without the W.R.I.
And the girls of the C.S.O.

So the little B.O. and the D.C.F.,
Who'd refused to join with them,
Started an excellent mess of their own
With the help of the C.Q.M.

The Chaplain and the A.D.C.
Called on the F.A.M.,
But all were busy with a game of stud,
So they had no time for them.

They went on down to the A.R.C.,
In the hospital by the river,
There to find an N.C.O. and an R.A.N.
Just starting out in a Flivver.

They immediately asked the cruel I.G.,
As well as the loyal J.A.:
"We want this man C.M. at once,
And fined to lose his pay."

"But that won't do," the J.A. said,
And confirmed by the cruel I.G.:
"For the R.A.N. and the N.C.O.
Must live as well as we."

"Just as you say," said the Religious
One:
"I suppose they must have their go,
But I'm going to tell the U.S.R.
And later the B.L.O."

The C.G. called his Orderly,
And said with a wicked grin:
"If the C.E. comes around tonight,
Don't dare to let him in."

"For I know he'll ask for a new R.R.
Or a fence for the old R.S.,
And as I know damn little about it,
I don't want to have to confess."

The S.G.S. and the greasy K.P.
Stopped in at the Y.M.C.A.
The secretary, with a welcome smile,
Asked what they'd have today.

"We have eggs and we have coffee,
Or perhaps some cheese will do,
And if you say you'll come again,
We may find some ham for you."

"No, thank you," said the S.G.S.
As he thought of the F.C.R.
"Let's go up to the Officers' Club,
Where at least they have a bar."

The R.T.C. they found there,
As well as the A.S.S.,
And the C.O.S. and B.K.,
Engaged in a game of chess.

A noisy kid from the Q.M.C.
Asked for permission to tell
Of money made and money saved
Through McAdoo's T.L.L.

Then a gay young chap from the F.A.B.
With the D.S.M. on his blouse,
Wandered in with wonderful tales
Of the girls at the Hostess House.

They talked of this, they talked of that,
Of German drives and the O.S. hat,
And whether the newly arrived C.O.
Would let them continue their M.N.
show.

"It is a hard, a cruel war,"
Said heroes still untaught,
"But we'll have to make the best of it—
It's the only way we've got."

"Carry on," the O.D. ordered,
As he smoothed his W.C.
"Each of you to your little bed,
And leave this place to me."

Thus sadly ends the alphabet
With which we go to battle,
But tell me how they missed B.R.—
Which, of course, means Baby's Rattle.
J. W. S.

PUZZLE—FIND THE GLOOM



Gloom? It can't be done. Yes, that
is a hospital in the background, but
what of it? And the party in the fore-
ground is a patient. The Hun put him
on sick call, but a Yankee girl nurse
bandaged his leg and gave him a copy

of THE STARS AND STRIPES, so he
should worry. Modesty forbids our
stating whether it is the nurse,
paper, or the soothing ointment on his
doche-inflicted Charlie horse that is
making him smile.

VETERAN LEGIONARY
WANTS TO GO BACK

Christy Charles Keen for
Trenches After Three
Years of It

RELIEVED BY AMERICANS

Yanks' Arrival in Toul Sector Saw
Withdrawal of Veteran
Machine Gunner

"I want to go back to the trenches,"
he writes. And he means it.

You might think that Christy Charles,
who put in over three years as a ma-
chine gunner in the French Foreign leg-
ion, coming over in August, 1914, and
taking part in the big shows of Cham-
pagne, 1915; the Somme, 1916; the
Aisne, 1917, to say nothing of having
been among the defenders of Verdun for
two long periods when things were hot-
test there—you might think, if you did-
n't read his letter, that Christy Charles
couldn't be blamed for being a bit fed up
on war. Not so; he likes it, and in a
recent letter to a friend he makes his
liking quite plain.

"I want to go back to the trenches,"
he repeats. "I was anxious to get away
when I left, and I never thought I would
feel as I do now. It may be very hard
for some people to understand, but any-
one who has had a few years' service
out there could imagine the feeling."
A few years' service, eh? Yes,
quite a few; for Charles went right into
the early trenches, which weren't the
comfortable trenches they are today by
a long shot. His preliminary training
was only about six weeks long. With
the other Americans in the Foreign
Legion he helped hold the lines before
Cromelle in Champagne early in the
autumn of 1914; and there were no
leaves for any of the outfit until the
following July. In fact, he has been
in the thick of it from that day right
up to the time the Americans went in
north of Toul last winter, when he came
out of that sector with the Zouaves and
Legionnaires that make up the Moroccan
division—relieved, as it happened, by
his own countrymen.

Younger Brother Drafted
Hearing that his younger brother,
René, had been drafted into a machine
gun company of the National Army,
Christy asked to be transferred to the
American forces, so as to be in with
him.

Inasmuch as his brother was not yet
in France, he requested, in common
with a number of other Legionnaires of
technical experience, to be transferred
to the American engineers, hoping at a
later date to go back to his old trade
of machine gun plying in company with
"the youngster."

He has been doing his work hard and
well at a certain engineering headquar-
ters, his experience in warfare standing
him in good stead. But his former
turns in the trenches only serve to re-
call to him what he is missing; for—to
get back to get his letter—he says he
isn't going to wait for his brother any
longer. He writes:

Restless to Think of It

"It has made me restless to think of
all the fun out there I am sitting
here. The men I am working under
have been more than kind to me, but
... in the trenches ... the sun always
shines as I look back.

"We all know life is not any too sweet
out there, but it seems I was brought up
in those trenches, for in them I passed
from a wild kid into almost a man, and
I feel as I had lost my best friend
when I left. We are all anxious to get
away from danger, once we have gone
through it, but after we have been away
for a while there comes a longing to go
back, and I can assure you the feeling
is very strong.

"You may think it's only a change of
ideas, but look at Dr. — who was
with us in the beginning. He got a
nasty wound during the Champagne
affair and was glad to go back home, but
after a certain time he got a longing for
the old excitement and today is back
in the trenches, happy and content.
Dr. — and the other boys are the same
way.

"Tell the boys back home that if they
want to see real life, try the doughboy's
game, and then they will be able to go
back home with a light heart, ready to
prove that they have done their bit at
a real man's game."

GENERAL GREETED
BY BOYHOOD SCHOOL

Seventy-Two from Institu-
tion Now in France or
on the Way

An American general has just received
a letter from the school children of
Bloomington, Ill., where he received his
early education. The letter follows:

"In this time of great stress and trial
our children of Irving School wish to
send a message of encouragement and
appreciation. Please accept it with all
the gladness of their little hearts.

"Only the older ones were permitted
to sign these papers, much to my regret,
for I felt even an ugly little scrawl from
every child would be dear to you and the
men, in realization that it was an eager
effort to express gratitude and love. And
then, too, they would have felt so
pleased and honored in doing it. One
soldier has written home that of all the
letters he received, the ones from the
children were the most precious, and
kept his heart brave and strong and his
resolve firm to endure unto the end.

"That these little ones of the kinder-
garten and primary might voice their
greetings, too, your picture was shown
them and they were told to raise their
right hands. If they wished to join in
sending love and thanks to their very
own general, and all the other brave men
'over there' who were fighting for their
safety and happiness and the protection
of all little children of the world. Every
hand went up. So Irving School chil-
dren, 523 enrolled, are 100 per cent
loyal and want you to know it.

"The National Council of Defense is
about to institute a 'loyalty' campaign,
and as Irving School has thus taken the
initiative, we lead. Seventy-two of our
boys are now in France or on the way."

Attached to the letter were the Easter
greetings of the children, addressed to
"all the brave men in France and else-
where who are fighting not alone for
our safety and happiness but for the
protection of all little children of the
world, we send our love and thanks."

HIS HANDICAP

Charley was Italian in origin. On the
evening of payday Charley happened to
find a little cafe where, even though it
was in France, they happened to know
how to cook macaroni, and where they
actually had a real bottle of Chianti.

So Charley sat there, in the seventh
heaven of delight, until the corporal of
the guard came in at 8 o'clock—which
is Z. of A. closing time—and shoed
everybody out. Obediently he went out-
side. But once outside he was much
distressed to discover, through gazing in
at the window, that the corporal of the
guard, far from obeying his own orders,
was sitting within before the fireplace,
cosily chatting with Madame and her
buxom daughter, Jeanne.

Charley made his way back to the bil-
let, with madness in his eye. At seeing
him in so hell-ose a mood, his bunkie
asked him:

"What's the matter, Charley? Did you
hear the war was going to be over and
you're sore about it?"

"No," snapped Charley. "Da dammada
caporala—da dammada caporala—he no
playa fair—he no playa fair—he cheat—
he cheat—"

"OH, HELL! I wish I coulda speekada
"Eenglish!"

When a man's gaze wanders around
while he is supposed to be standing at
attention, he isn't necessarily engaged
in studying the beautiful French land-
scape. He may be in love or he may be
a recruit or he may be a plain fool.



WHEN Uncle Sam faced
the problem of erecting
hundreds of buildings for
the Army Cantonments
in the United States al-
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be quickly laid. So we
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When you go back to the States—
Whoa, whoa, WHOA! Not so fast!
When we were going to say was this:
When you officers go back to the States
for duty, don't fail to report in person
to the commanding general at your port
of embarkation.

According to a War Department cable-
gram of recent date, all officers return-
ing to the United States in future will
report in that way, in addition to mak-
ing the report to the Adjutant General
of the Army, as provided in previous
general order. The cablegram's dictum,
here given, has been sent out under a
new general order.

HIGH FINANCE

Corporal Bilkins had arrived in
France after a few days in England.

"How much money have you got
left?" asked Corporal Wilkins.
"Well, I've got four shillings, a quid,
two farthings, nine pennies, a franc,
half a pound, four sous and 50 centimes,
but I've only got two dollars in cash."

MAPS FOR ALL FRONTS

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Lake Bourget is here too. And the magnificent Savoy Country is all about it. It is a most
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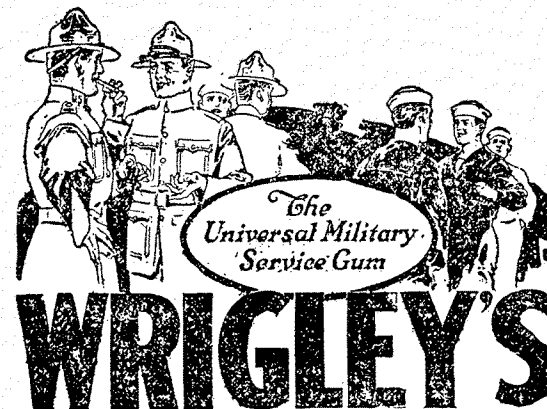
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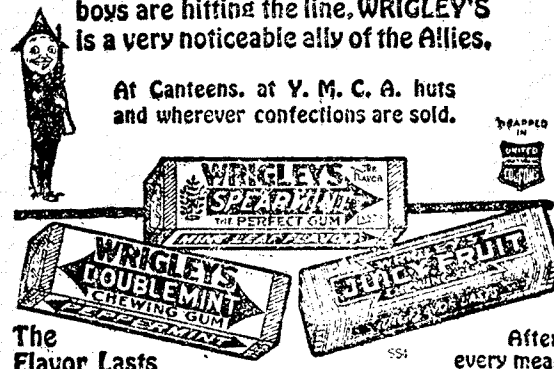


The use of WRIGLEY'S
by the fighting men has
created much comment
in war correspondence.

Even before American soldiers
and sailors landed, the British,
Canadian and French forces had
adopted WRIGLEY'S as their war-
time sweetmeat.

And now that Uncle Sam's stalwart
boys are hitting the line, WRIGLEY'S
is a very noticeable ally of the Allies.

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and wherever confections are sold.



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every meal